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PROPAGANDA 'I HATE ALL GERMANS' IS DEBUNKED

U. S. Army Officer Declares Soldiers Who Know Facts Are
Not Hostile to the German People

(With permission from the Brooklyn Tablet, February 16, 1946)

(Sent you by A. J. APP, Ph. D. — 316 San Pedro — San Antonio, Texas)

Americans who profess to "hate all Germans" are given a lesson by an Army officer now stationed in Berlin on the plight of the people who are the objects of their hate. The lesson is included in a letter which the officer wrote to a friend in the United States.

The letter follows:

"Dear _____:

"You should be with me right now in this former capital of the German Reich. Why? Well, it would do your heart good, you, who say so convincingly: 'I hate all Germans.' Yes, you could feed the fires of that hate so beautifully.

"You could have a grand time just walking the streets and seeing cold, hungry and shivering kids begging for a piece of gum; you could just gloat over and rub your hands with glee at the sight of an old woman trying desperately to carry a load of wood on her shoulder and two or three bags besides. Your eyes could gleam with satisfaction at seeing a whole family, as I did, sit around a table in a freezing dining-room and stuffing (!) themselves on potatoes and dry bread, and — nothing more.

"And then, to make you feel even more complacent, you could go out to one of the unbombed suburbs and see the great American conquerors living in the lap of luxury, one man per eight-room house, with every room as warm as toast, with two or three Germans to do his bidding and with the rightful owners of the home trying to exist in a little shack in the back yard, which our bounty has granted them in lieu of what we took.

Officer's Charity Scored

"And, if you stood on a certain corner of what is called Hauptstrasse yesterday, you probably would have frothed at the mouth in righteous indignation at the sight of a certain Lt. Col. _____ by name, surrounded by exactly 10 kids and giving them, one apiece, the contents of a package of Life Savers. And perhaps you might have said, as did the commanding officer of one of our posts here, when he caught a kindly major giving candy to the children: 'Major, that is not tolerated on these premises. We must make these people realize that they lost the war!'

"Sort of rough on you this morning eh? Well, every day since I've been here I have been harking back to that bald, unvarnished statement of yours

in your last letter: 'I hate all Germans and I hate all Japs.' And in my musings I wondered if you had read the startling results of a recent poll taken up among the GIs who are in Germany, and which so upset the politicians in Washington that they didn't release the figures till lately. The poll showed a majority, quite large, of those interviewed to show a liking and understanding toward the Germans which was far from complying with the official propaganda from D. C., and which was disappointing, because the War Department had gone to great expense and trouble to film and distribute their latest and finest piece of Joe Goebbels' stuff, which was supposed to arouse more hatred in GI hearts now that the war is over and human emotions are likely to return to normal.

"They showed it to us in Paris a month ago and, if you please, attendance was COMPULSORY for free-born American citizens.

"The film was beautifully done, in the style of men who know well their devilish business and whose subtlety is admirable. This film was supposed to have only one effect: to arouse or, rather, to perpetuate, hatred, contempt and dislike of the despicable Germans. Then they sent out their statisticians to feel the pulse of the boys who had been compelled to see it, and, strangely enough, the pulse didn't react according to expectations.

"The OWL is, no doubt, tearing its hair out and the propaganda specialists are probably thinking up something new right now.

Love Is Conquering

"I had a very interesting chat here yesterday with a young first looie who is in love with a German fraulein of Berlin. He wants to marry her and is determined to do so. The boy was a bomber pilot and probably helped to reduce Berlin to its present state, but now he is thinking for himself and his thoughts are—as though it were Spring!—turning towards love. He knows that if he makes application for permission to marry her, that they will transfer him from Berlin the next day, but he says, and he says it very emphatically, that if he is not allowed to marry this girl, he is going to renounce his American citizenship and become a German. And his logic is pretty good. To wit: 'What the hell did we fight this for? Wasn't it for freedom, for liberty of choice, even in picking a wife? Am I to be deprived of a fundamental

human right just because some brass hat in Washington has decided that all Germans are malefactors and that no German woman is worthy to be the wife of an American? Interesting argumentation, what?

"Well, anyway, I'm here and you're there. You have nothing to guide you but the dictates of the daily papers and their long-winded editorials on international policies. You don't see heaps of rubble, or miles of destruction, or long lines of hungry people, or respectable persons begging you for a cigarette because it stills their hunger.

"Do you remember the old-fashioned ice-cream cones that we used to buy as kids? Well, if you were here, and a German, the amount of coffee that that would hold would be all you'd get for a whole month. And, if you liked your coffee, which you do, you'd use it up for three cups, or, if you had some self-control, you could make it stretch out and last for perhaps 10 cups!

Perils of Dresden Ruins

"Incidentally, did you read a recent article that appeared in the 'Herald Tribune' in which the author described the utter destruction of the city of Dresden, one of the loveliest cities in the world and the home of the greatest painting that ever got onto canvas, namely, the Sistine Madonna of Raphael? Well, anyway, this reporter couldn't quite see the necessity of it. There were in the city, he says, only two military installations that were supposed to be targets. Strangely enough, the two targets are still standing, but the city is in ruins. This thing may make sense, but not in my book. However, I'm just naive, I guess; too naive to believe all I read in the press.

"And have you been following the account of the cruelties that went on in a certain GI prison in England? And practiced or condoned by American officers, even though the cruelties were inflicted on American soldiers by their own superiors?

"That's all for now. I think I'll find me a big cave somewhere and go live in it—to brood and meditate on what I saw of the greatest farce ever played on the world's stage. So long. I like you just the same even though you hate them still.

"Sincerely,

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